Deep Feelings

by Ashy Faced Owl

Summary: Mairon seeks meaning in his life on Arda. An elaboration on the seduction of Mairon by Melkor.

Deep Feelings

Disjointed.

Dislocated.

Everything was...bland.

Mairon remembered pushing at the bodies of the Valar, trying to move them aside to glimpse Illuvatar's plan. To mold a window in the crowd to catch one look of this amazing world they could go. It was magnificent. Moving, pulsing, ever changing. Somehow it seemed bright and dark at the same time. He wanted in this place. To be a part of it. To change it and move with it.

Stagnent.

Dim.

He recalled arriving to a dark, barren, hard place. His first thought was that somehow there had been a mistake. Where was this beautiful world they had been promised? The movement and power that coursed through the vision they had seen was a lie maybe? They others seemed only slightly disheartened and began to toil at the slow construction of the future they had all glimpsed.

Unfulfilled.

Need.

Now Mairon walked slowly, through the dim, to the forge. It was a pale imitation of the light and power that he had seen. Though he had found nothing closer thus far. Aule was full of energy, and a need to create. Mairon also felt these things. Soon after they had taken form, he began his study under the smith. But he started to notice a difference between them. Aule would create something and feel no attachment, no "deep feeling" for it.

Mairon had thought many hours on these "deep feelings". They were like a need, and a fondness. An emptiness that was somehow full of something. Need was as close as he had gotten to describing these "deep feelings". When he had confronted Aule about them, the smith had no idea what he meant. Deflated, Mairon had not broached the subject again.

As he tore himself from thought, Mairon chanced a look into the eyes of another as he passed them on the path to the forge. His heart ached as his worries were, once again, confirmed. The "deep feelings" were not reflected in their eyes. He checked every pair of eyes. None held the "need" that he felt.

Blurry.

Alone.

Finally, Mairon drug his feet into the boundaries of the forge. His clothes and face were bathed in the warm light. Closing his eyes, Mairon let himself be embraced by the heat of the fire. He had found the forge to hold a similar "need". If the fires were not fed, they would cool and eventually fail, going dark and still. The only proof that they had lived at all were the ashes they left behind. They Needed to burn, or die.

He would now fill the emptiness with power. He stoked the fires, building them hot and high. Creating made his feelings race though the empty spaces inside him. Molding, changing, creating. He lived for this. Each item he forged to be forever his, to be held tight against his sticky heart.

Clinging.

Clawing.

Time continued forward, unrelenting. Aule was constantly working on the Two Lamps, a project Mairon was not allowed to be a part of. Rejected, lonely, and unfulfilled, Mairon toiled away at nothing important. He had wanted to be a part of this world, to change it and move with it. But as time trudged on, Importance seemed to not be a role Mairon was meant for. The "deep feelings" had started to change, souring and staling. They had bittered and become an unpleasant weight in his chest. Now each step was harder. He worked harder to achieve less. Was this all their fates? Was this all he was meant for?

Mairon was ripped from his thoughts by the sounds of urgent, hushed voices outside the forge. Apparently some other Maia had heard from their masters of a growing power, dark and threatening. Mairon had heard these rumors too. Aule had spoken of them several times, to others of course, about their lost brother and his twisted path. Mairon himself didn't know much about Melkor. Only that he was very

strong and he had disappeared twice from the sight of his brothers only to return darker and more twisted each time.

"Now he threatens all we have built!" one of them says softly.

Mairon stifles a snort. "All we have built"? The bitterness of his "deep feelings" burns the back of his throat and leaves a bad taste in his mouth. He would gladly step aside and let Melkor destroy this stagnant place so they might start again.

Surprised at himself, Mairon blinks at the violence of his thoughts and ceases his eavesdropping. He should work of this negativity and try to be more like Aule.

Whispers.

Dust.

There it was again.

A feeling that he was not the only being in the forge. This was the fifth time in as many visits. Everytime before this one he had turned quickly, trying to located the source of this unnerving feeling. To his dismay, the feeling disappeared each time as quickly as he turned.

Mairon decide to not let it be known that he sensed his watcher. He merely braided his hair as was his habit before dawning his gloves and apron. To his sly delight, the feeling did not dissipate. His watcher had stayed, most likely convinced that Mairon had not noticed them.

Anticipation.

Movement.

Hours had passed and the feeling of being watched had not. Mairon tried his best to seem normal, going on about his usual tasks. He cleaned his anvil and his various hammers. He stoked the fires, resting the hottest coals on the left. He filled a barrel with cool water to temper his metals. Making sure to take a painstaking amount of time going through his previous works, Mairon wanted his stalker to view his masterful skill. Eventually, he commenced work on his newest creation.

Hearing about all of the danger that was coming, Mairon had decided to construct clothes made of metal to defend against attacks. The project had been very rewarding thus far. Each new challenge was a joy to solve and overcome. Soon, Mairon had lost himself in his work. Figuring out how to make metal clothes that moved with their wearer was exceedingly difficult. Each rivet was new, each hammer stroke led to something that had never been made. All of these things were his and his alone. He revelled in this ownership, a habit Aule tried and fail to break him of.

"Do not turn around."

A deep voice whispered from the darkness behind Mairon.

He froze. Hammer halfway through a down stroke. Wide eyed, Mairon kept still. The voice sounded new and unused. He remembered his voice was that way the first few times he spoke with the lips of his newly acquired form. But Mairon's voice did not carry the weight of this one. Deep as a pool of water going so far into the ground it had gone black. Vast like the view from the summit of a mountain, and dark as the shadow the mountain casts. The new voice spoke again.

"Do you know of the lamps?"

The voice inquired. It was as if warm red wine was being poured over his skin. Silk words weaving through his hair to caress his ears.

"Yes, my Lord."

Unintentionally addressing the voice as he would his master. Slowly, Mairon lowered his hammer and straightened. He ached to turn and see who the voice belonged to. Who could hold so much power with just their voice? It felt like a predator was at his back. Though he knew the man stood several paces from him, Mairon felt as if the Master of this voice was close enough to touch the bare skin on the back of his neck. He stifles a shudder, silently cursing himself for wearing a side braid this hour.

"You will tell me everything I wish."

A smile was woven into the words this time, like chocolate covering a black cherry. Mairon could not help but agree inwardly, barely catching the reply of submission behind his lips.

"Will I?"

Mairon forced a weak response. More asking permission than showing resistance.

Time seemed to slow as Mairon felt only a small movement in the air, barely enough to move the loose strands of his hair. That was all to announce the keeper of the voice was now at Mairon's ear. Cool lips brushed the shell of his ear, speaking softly with the power of a thousand forges and the depth of the sky passed the stars.

"For me, you will do anything."

Knees almost giving way, Mairon breathlessly nodded. How was this possible? Mairon held on to the side of the anvil to steady himself. He had to know what this force was. Who could hold the power of all that he had merely glimpsed in the vision that Illuvatar had shown them so long ago, in his voice alone.

"Please..."

Mairon pleaded with only breath.

"Tell me who you are."

A soft chuckle rolled sensually off the lips next to his ear .

"Do you not know?"

Mairon bit his lip and squeezed his eyes shut. The sensations were overwhelming. He could feel the power coming off this man in waves, pounding against him, sparking like lightning. It could be no one else, but Mairon could not admit this to himself. He would not be undone so quickly by this being whom so many had called the enemy.

"Melkor."

He whispered so softly that he himself could not hear. He felt the Valar straighten and noted how much taller and grander he must be. Gathering every bit of strength he had, Mairon turned quickly to put a form to the voice which already haunted him.

Notes: Special thanks to my Editor MandoOowada. Lemme know what you think. I haven't written in a long time.


End
file.